THE MAN O' AIRLIE.

[The song Lawrence Barrett sings in the play.]

Oh, there abou' yon heather hill,
Where footia comes but rarely,
There is a house they ca nt ou! still,
Wh re dwelt the man o' Airlie.
He wore a coat o' hoddin grey,
His hand was hard w.' labor,
But still he had a kamely way
O' s andin' by his neighbor.

His burly laugh made men rejoice,
His words the neighbors guided;
The lightest hearts loved his voice,
And in his smile confided;
The words to-day that left his lip
Became a deed to-morrow:
Honr, man the friendship of his grip
Would hit the heart o' sorrow.

He was na' loud, he was na' proud
He lacked in larnin' sairly
And yet ye'd pick him frae a crowd,
The honest man o' Airlie.
His wealth it was na' in his land,
It was na' in the city;
A mint o' honor was in his hand,
His heart a mine o' pity.

He's dead and gone, this prince o' Fife,
Mute is his burly laughter;
But ah! the music o' his life,
That bides with us lang after.
His memory lives, the man may die,
That lingers bright and louin',
Just like a star lost frae the sky,
Whose ray survives his ruin.

LINK BY LINK.

THE STORY OF A MYSTERY.

The shower was ended. A brisk breeze was rapidly tearing away the gray thunder clouds from the face of the June sky, and the sun shone down with renewed fervor.

"As hot as 'twas before the rain!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis as she opened her parasol, and leisurely stepped from the Heywood dry goods store in which she had, half an hour before, taken shelter from the storm.

"Yes, it is, ma'am," said Mr. Brown, the proprietor, handing her the bundles she had bought from him, and he added: "You'll have a hot walk under this brilin'-hot sun. Better run in to our house and stay to tea. You hain't seed the twins. Smartest little critters ever was. Mrs. Brown's getting on finely, and will be glad to see you."

"Thanks; I'd like to, but I must hurry home and can my currants. Besides, I wouldn't undertake that long walk through the pine wood after dark for anything in the world. It's glorious enough in the daytime. Give my respects to your wife; tell her I'll drop in soon and see her and the babies. Good-day."

"Good-day," said Brown, and he added, as he saw Mrs. Curtis hurrying down the street, "Queer critter!"

Yes, by all the inhabitants of Heywood Mrs. Curtis was called peculiar. She was upwards of fifty years, tall and erect, with iron-gray hair, ruddy cheeks, and keen, dark eyes. And, decidedly, she was a person that minded her own business. She had lived in Heywood for five years, yet in all that time not a single person had been able to glean any information concerning her past life. All that could be ascertained was that she was a widow, childless, and with a little property, consisting of a little cottage surrounded by a few acres of land, and with a few hundred dollars in the Heywood bank.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brown returned to his counter to wait on a customer, and Mrs. Curtis pursued her journey homeward. For some distance her road led along the dusty highway, then she turned into a little footpath through the daisy-dotted meadow, then across the creek bridge, until presently she came to the dense pine woods whose shade was very pleasing to her.

When about half way through the woods she came to a small patch of late strawberries. She stooped to pick them. Her brown, hard-working hands were nearly full of the luscious, red berries, when a rustling and a footstep startled her. She hastily glanced up. In an instant an iron-like hand was clutching her throat, and—only the frightened, wild-wood birds could tell her the rest.

* * * * * *

About two miles from the village of Heywood, and on the banks of Brair Creek, dwelt Peter Groat. He was a German, who, with his family, had lately come to America, and in the previous autumn had bought a few acres of land bordering the creek. Here he had erected a small, but comfortable house, and was, to all appearance, an honest, hard-working man. The only thing that could be said against him by a few grumblers was that he was too "close," clinging tightly to his hard earned pennies, and ever on the lookout for more. But this certainly was excusable when it was known that he had a mortgage on his farm, which together with the wants of a rapidly increasing family, was enough to make any man greedy of grain.

It was evening of the day on which our story began. Peter, surrounded by his wife and children, sat smoking his pipe on the little grass plot in front of the house.

The supper had been eaten, the cows milked, the pigs fed, the chickens housed from thievish rats, and all the family, young and old, felt entitled to a season of rest. Hans and Fritz were turning summersaults on the soft grass; Gretchen, a flaxen-haired lassie, was feeding a pet robin; Franz, the six months baby, was cuddled up in his mother's breast, contentedly smacking his lips over his evening meal.

The sun went down, the shadows deepened. The clock in the distant village struck the hour of eight. Peter Groat rose, shook the ashes from his pipe, and said:

"Come, kinder, it is late. The dew is falling, and let's to bed."

"Vater! vater!" suddenly cried Hans and Fritz, running up from the gate, "there is a man coming in our yard—a stranger!"

Peter slowly sauntered down to meet the new comer.

He was an elderly man, with a tanned and rugged face, sandy hair sprinkled with gray, and dark, deep-set eyes, somewhat inflamed. His clothes were of good material, although worn and dusty with travel. In his hand he carried a large satchel.

"Good evening," he said, courtously.

"Evening to you, sir," replied Peter Groat.

"I m a peddler," said the man, speaking in German. "I have sold nearly all my goods, and am on my way back to New York. I got left by the train, and undertook to walk to the next station. I lost my way, and find I must get lodgings for the night. Can you help me?"

"The good book commands us to show hospitality," said Peter. "And although we are not rich, we never yet turned away a benighted traveler. So, come in, and my frau shall get you something to eat."

The table was soon spread with a neat, white cloth, upon which was placed a platter of cold boiled meat, garnished well with vegetables, then a plate of white bread, a roll of butter, a dish of shining blackberries, and a plate of spicy ginger cookies.

"I feel too dirty to sit down to a decent table," said the traveler with a smile. "May I trouble you for a basin of water?"

It was brought, he took off his coat, preparatory to washing his face and hands. Gretchen who stood beside him with a fresh towel in her hands, uttered a slight scream.

"Blood!" she cried. "There's blood on your sleeves!"

The basin of water fell from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it. Then, with an effort, he said carelessly:

"Ah, yes; those rocks by the creek made quite a gash in my shoulder. You see," blandly explaining, "while I was lost, I thought I'd try and cross the creek. It was getting dark and when I reached the other side I found it so rocky that I could scarcely climb up. I got half way when a sudden mis-step made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain."

"Ach, too bad!" said Frau Groat. "I have a soothing lotion, which you may put on before you go to bed."

"Thanks. And I'll go to bed right after I've had my supper, if you please, for I'm very tired. Besides, I will have to rise early in the morning, so that I may take the first train."

The next morning the whole family was up in time to see their guest depart. He partook with good appetite of Frau Groat's breakfast of ham and eggs; he listened quietly and with seeming reverence to his host as he read a chapter from the old, black, German Bible, and offered up the usual morning prayer. Then, just as he was ready to start, he inquired what he should pay for his board and lodging.

"Oh, notings—notings! You are welcome to the bed and the bite," said Groat, heartily.

"You are very kind," said the stranger, "but I feel that I ought to repay you in some way. See here"—opening his satchel—"if you will not let me give money, pray do me the kindness of accepting these little tokens of gratitude. Here, Frau Groat, are two pair of stockings that would just fit your busy feet, and here, Gretchen, is a bran new piece of calico, more than enough for a dress. They are the only things I did not sell, and I do not care to lug them home again."

The two women accepted his gifts with much pleasure, and, with mutual expressions of good luck, the traveler and his kind entertainers parted. The former wore a blue checked shirt of Peter Groat s. He left his own behind him, telling Frau Groat that she might keep it in exchange for the one she had given him. As the stranger's shirt was of excellent material, with linen bosom and cuffs, the worthy dame thought she had made a good bargain.

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William Greyson, a farmer in the vicinity of Heywood, missed one of his cows that Friday night, and early on the following morning set out to make search for her. He hunted through the meadow lands, followed the course of the creek quite a way, and finally entered the pine woods. When about half way through, a brown object lying on the grass a little distance from him, attracted his attention. He went to it. It was a large piece of wrapping paper, and a long bit of twine was lying beside it. The paper was damp with dew, and as Greyson carelessly turned it over in his hand, he observed some red spots on it. He examined them more closely. They were the bloody prints of a thumb and fingers.

He looked around him keenly. He soon noticed that the bank of ferns bordering the path, was in one place crushed and broken. He followed these marks, and they led him to the most dense and most unfrequented part of the woods, and there, in a hollow, almost covered with underbrush, lay the body of a woman. It was Mrs. Curtis, lying stiff and stark, with a bloody gash across her throat.

Two hours later, a party of men was hunting the leafy labyrinths of the pine woods. They were endeavoring to find the trail of the murderer.

An hour passed, and they had met with no success. Some of them had gathered together for the purpose of consultation, when suddenly a cry from one of their companions, who was a little distance from them, attracted their attention.

"See what I have found!" he cried, holding up a spool of thread. It was dirty and dingy, and wet with dew, but Mr. Brown, the merchant, who was with the party, recognized it at once, and said:

"It's one of the spools poor Mrs. Curtis bought of me yesterday. It's pink, you see. She was real particular about the color. She was piecing a chair cushion, and wanted the right shade. Now, it's evident that the villain who murdered her took this route through the woods. See how the ferns are crushed this way. Hurry we've got a clew now!"

The trail led them out of the woods into the meadow that opened right into the yard of Peter Groat. They were going round to the back door to knock, and ask if the inmates had seen a stranger lurking around the premises, when Mr. Brown chanced to look in the window.

A look of extreme consternation overspread his ruddy face.

"My God!" he cried, "see there!"

All turned and looked in at the window. The room was unoccupied. The clock ticked cheerfully in one corner. A cat was cosily curled upon a chair cushion, purring contentedly. But on the table, in the centre of the room, lay two pairs of stockings, and near them, half unrolled, was a dress-pattern of lilac calico.

"That calico!" said Mr. Brown, impressively, "that calico is the identical piece I sold Mrs. Curtis, yesterday afternoon. I should know it anywhere. It's peculiar, you see, a bunch of white lilacs on a purple ground. It was all I had. Besides, I should know the piece, because on one end there is about half a yard imperfectly printed, which has holes in it, too. I remember I let Mrs. Curtis have it cheaper, on that account. Now, Peter Groat knows where the murderer is, or—solemnly and slowly—he did the deed himself!"

The party of men went silently and soberly to the back door, and here they were horrified in finding fresh evidence—Frau Groat was engaged in washing a blood-stained shirt!

They sternly asked her to whom it belonged, but the poor woman, who could not speak English, could only look at them in a frightened way. Her husband now came in from the garden, and him they sternly interrogated, while some of the more impetuous bodly accused him of the murder of the unfortunate Mrs. Curtis. His frightened face, his confusion, his incoherent utterances, his trembling denials were only so much against him. Besides, he knew scarcely any more English than his wife, and later, when calm, his story of the traveler who had stopped at his house, was received with disbelief and derision. Poor, friendless, and a stranger, things looked very dark against him.

Weeks passed, his trial came; he was sentenced to be hanged.

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Rev. Mr. Marshall, rector of St. John's Church, Brookdale, a village some two hundred miles distant from Heywood, was in his study, one September morning, in the year 1878. He was suffering from an attack of influenza which he had taken the night before, while on a visit to a sick parishoner. Consequently, complying with his wife's request that he should do no studying or writing, Mr. Marshall was lazily stretched on the lounge in front of a cherry fire. His eight years old son, Tom, was in the room, every now and then running up to his father, with some request. At last one was: "Papa, it's Saturday; how shall I spend the day? Wish I had a kite. Do you know how to make one, papa?"

"I used to, Tom. I don't know whether I have forgotten or not. Give me the newspaper on the table, please, and the scissors. Then run out in the wood shed and get me some of those sticks on the shelf, also a hammer and some small nails. Stay, don't be in such a hurry; ask Hannah to make a little flour paste."

Tom hurried away, and while waiting for him to return, his father glanced over the columns of the newspaper he was cutting. It was one that his friend, Mr. Brown, of Heywood, had sent him. His eyes chanced to fall upon these words:

"The German, Peter Groat, who murdered Mrs. Curtis, has been sentenced to be hung on the second Friday in next month. Groat, though a stranger, was supposed to be a respectable man, and one not at all capable of perpetrating such a crime. But the evidences of his guilt are most conclusive. The morning after the murder, his wife was found washing a bloody shirt, also a knife stained with blood was found hidden near a woodpile. Besides, goods belonging to the murdered woman, were found in Groat's house. The only thing missing is a curious old snuff-box, of some black wood, quaintly carved in the shape of a toad. Her name, Hepsibah Curtis, is engraved on the inside. But without this, the evidence is strong enough to hang him."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Mr. Marshall, as he laid down the paper. "It makes one dread to read the news—one comes across so many horrors."

"Papa! papa! you needn't mind about the kite now," cried Tom, rushing in with shining eyes. "Uncle George just called me over to his house—he is going fishing, and says he will take me along. May I go?"

"If mamma is willing."

"She is; I asked her. And I've been digging grubs and fish worms—for bait you know. But see what a nice bait box I've got."

"An old snuff-box. Where did you get it?"

"Myron Mason gave it to me."

"Who is Myron Mason?"

"Oh, a new man Uncle George got to work for him in his garden. He's gathering the pears and trenching the celery. Myron was a tramp who came along, but he is real nice. The box is nice, too. See what a funny shape it is!"

"A toad! Quick! Let me see, Tom!"

Mr. Marshall had not closely examined the box until now, and it was with trembling fingers that he opened it.

"Hepsibah Curtis," was the name engraved on the inner cover!

Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his voice was calm, as he said:

"Tom, just run over and tell your uncle George to come over here a few minutes—I want to talk with him on a little business."

* * * * * *

Three days later, Myron Mason, *alias* Jasper Armand, was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Curtis.

He made no resistance; he told no falsehoods; he simply confessed the whole affair, stating that he had murdered the woman out of revenge. Ten years before the two had lived in the same town. He had always been wild and dissolute, but had been the betrothed of Mrs. Curtis' sister, a gentle and lovely woman. Mrs. Curtis had opposed the match, knowing that it would cause her sister a life of misery. Also finding that Armand belonged to a gang of counterfeiters, she promptly gave evidence against him.

He was condemned to ten years' imprisonment. This he bore patiently, mentally vowing that, when released, he would at once wreak vengeance on the woman who had foiled his plans and blighted his life.

When the time had expired, and the prison doors opened to let him pass out, he found that the woman he loved was dead, and that the woman he hated was living in Heywood. Thither he went. He had seen Mrs. Curtis go to town, and had concealed himself in the woods to await her return. He did not take the articles she carried merely for the sake of robbery, but to have suspicion point its fingers at some other party. At the conclusion of his confession, he said that he had no desire of concealing it any longer. His life was made wretched by the horrid crime he had committed, and death and exposure were not unwelcome. The next day after his confinement in the jail, he was found dead in his cell. He had ended his life by poison.

As for Peter Groat, he was at once released, and all the inhabitants of Heywood strove to express their regret and regard for him, but to these, Peter sadly shook his head, saying:

"He did care to live in a blace where de people vas so ready to pelieve him a pad man!" So he sold his little home, packed his goods, and with his wife and children, moved to the far West, where it is to be hoped, in spite of sweet charity's sake, he is more careful in entertaining benighted travelers.

Perils of Sleeping Cars.

There is a good deal of interest manifested these days on the part of the American people relative to the matter of separate sleeping cars for the two sexes. It is a move in the right direction, and we hope it will win. As it is now, no gentleman traveling alone is safe.

Several months ago, entirely alone, we traveled from Laramie to Chicago and back, making the round trip with no escort whatever. Our wife was detained at home, and that entire journey was made with no one to whom we could look for protection.

When we returned our hair had turned perfectly white with the horror of those dreadful nights.

There was one woman from Philadelphia, whose name we will not mention, and who rode all the way between Omaha and Chicago in one car. Almost the first thing when we started out of Omaha she began to make advances toward us by asking us if we would not hold her lunch basket while she went after a drink.

She also asked us for our knife to peel an orange.

These things look small and insignificant, but in the light of later developments they are of vital importance.

That evening we saw with horror that the woman's section was adjoining our own.

We asked the conductor if this could not be changed; but he laughed coldly and told us to soak our head, or some such unfeeling remark.

That is one bad feature of the present system. A man traveling alone gets no sympathy or assistance from the conductor.

It would be impossible to describe the horror and appreciation of that awful night. All through its vigils we suffered on till near morning, when tired nature yielded, and we fell into a troubled sleep.

There we lay, fair and beautiful, in the soft gray of approaching day, thousands of miles from our home, and less than ten feet away, a great horrid woman from Pennsylvania, to whom we had not even been introduced.

How we could have slept so soundly under the circumstances we are yet unable to tell, but after perhaps twenty minutes of slumber we saw, above the footboard of our berth and peering over at us, the face of that woman. With a wild bound we were on our feet in the aisle of the car. The other berths had all disappeared but ours.

The other passengers were sitting quietly in their seats, and it was half-past 9 o'clock. The woman from Pennsylvania was in the day coach.

It was only a horrid dream.

But supposing it had been a reality! And any man that travels alone is liable to be insulted at any time. We do not care for luxury in traveling. All we want is the assurance that we are safe.

The experience which we have narrated above is only one of a thousand. Did you note the careworn look of the man who is traveling alone? The wild, haunted expression on the countenance and the horrible apprehension that is depicted there?

You may talk about the various causes that are leading men downward to early graves, but the nervous strain induced by the fear that while they are taking out their false teeth or buttoning their suspenders, prying eyes are looking over the foot-board of their berths, is constructing more new-made graves than consumption or the Ute war.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

A Liberal Reward will be Given.

To the writer for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off.

To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him.

To the young woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a substantial meal.

To the woman over thirty who never had an offer.

To the young lady graduate who would not rather have a white satin dress than high honors at the graduation exercises.

To the married man who never considered the possibilities of a second marriage.

To the married woman who does not sometimes wonder how she ever came to say "Yes."

To the clergyman who doesn't feel just a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral.

To the car conductor who does not take peculiar pleasure in helping the ladies off his car.

To the man who ever exchanged umbrellas and went off with a worse one than he left behind.

To the small boy who never whistled.

To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him.

To the boy of eighteen who does not know more than his parents.

To the amateur farmer who never drew the long bow when dilating upon his agricultural achievements.

To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the school teacher who can talk without seeming to watch every word she utters.

To the politician who never sought the place that seemed to seek him.

An African King's Crown.

Adornments for African potentates are an item of some little importance in the Birmingham jewelry trade, which embraces both real and sham jewelry. A firm of what are known as "floral jewelers" has just completed a crown for King Eyo, of Greek Town, Africa. It is a copy of that of William the Conquerer. The cap is of blue velvet, the binding of ermine, and the circle and spikes are of semi-dead gold, decorated with thirty-two real stones, consisting of amethyst topaz, crystal and emerald. Two sceptres have also been supplied—one of gold and the other of silver—for Duke Ephraim Fyamoa IX., of Duke Town, Old Calabar. These ensigns of royalty are five feet six inches long, one being surmounted by a Maltese cross and the other by a dove. They are both made to unscrew at the end for the insertion of a peacock's feather, which is used in some portion of the state ceremonies of Old Calabar.

Bruin's Kindness to a Little Outcast.

In the winter of 1709 Pierre Traivant, a little fellow of about 10 years, having no longer parents or a house in Savoy, wandered to the province of Lorraine in search of a relative whom he heard lived near the palace of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine.

One bitter night he applied to a poor woman for shelter. She told him she had no room for him in her house, but he might go into the barn. Adjoining the barn was a hut, where was kept a tame bear owned by the Duke. Ready to perish with cold in the empty barn, Pierre resolved to trust himself to the mercy of Bruin.

Timidly he entered the hut and slowly approached the animal. Bruin, however, instead of doing him any harm, drew the shivering child between his paws and gently pressed him to his breast, till warm and comfortable he fell asleep.

The next morning when he awoke, he found himself still held by the bear, his head resting on the animal's warm fur. When he arose to go away the bear allowed him to leave, only following him with caresses as far as the chain would permit. The young Savoyard wandered all day about the city, but, finding no trace of his relative, returned in the evening to Marco's hut, that name having been given to the bear. Marco received him with the same kindness, and for some time that was his nightly retreat.

What was more remarkable, and added not a little to the poor boy's joy, the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him.

A number of days passed without his being discovered, then one of the servants came to bring Marco's supper later than usual, and saw the sleeping child clasped to his breast. The bear refused to move in order to take the food, and rolled his eyes in a furious manner whenever the man made any noise that might waken the sleeper.

The report of this extraordinary conduct soon spread at court, and reached the ears of the Prince. Some of the courtiers, in order to prove the truth of Marco's hospitality, passed a night near the hut, and saw with astonishment that the bear never stirred as long as little Pierre showed an inclination to sleep.

When he awoke at dawn of day and found himself discovered, he was very much frightened and feared he would be punished. But the bear, caressing him with great fondness, tried to coax him to eat what he had saved from the previous night.

Pierre was at first too alarmed to comply, but finally did so at the request of the courtiers, who afterward conducted him to the Duke.

When Leopold heard the little Savoyard's whole history, and how long the bear had befriended him, he ordered that the child should have a home at his court, and the best of care and training given him.

No doubt he would have risen to a high position, if sudden death had not terminated his career a short time after.

Usury in Miniature.

Awful warning to borrowers don't do any good, but they must be published. A hopeful, industrious young Louisvillian borrowed $15 from a shrewd young Louisvillian, agreeing to pay $2 a week interest, and in case the interest should not be paid it was to be doubled. Hopeful's boss became Hopeful's security. The debt ran on a while, and Hopeful paid some of it, but unexpected expenses arose, and at the end of four months he found himself unable to pay any more. The interest had run up to $28.60—total debt, only $15 at first, now $43.60! Shrewd began to smell a financial crisis. The debt has gone away beyond Hopeful's most exaggerated hopes. Shrewd raised a cyclone, and threatened a further disturbance of the elements. He came down on Hopeful's boss. The boss raised a racket that nearly unsettled the building. It was Shrewd and Hopeful, then Shrewd and the boss, then the boss and Hopeful. At length, when the elements had partly spent themselves, Shrewd magnanimously said he'd take $30 and call it square; whereat the boss wrote out a check and Shrewd took it and went off to the bank to identify himself. What the boss and Hopeful said to each other after he had gone has not yet passed through the telephone exchange. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Prospect of an American Pompeii.

Every happiness has its shadow. In the perfect sunshine of San Rafael, California, over against the purple lines of the perpetual summer sea, the inhabitants have been awakened from their dreams of earthly paradise by unmistakable signs of the neighboring mountain of Tamaulipas that the internal fires are making ready for such volcanic eccentricities as make the lovely vales that border Vesuvius an unceasing menace of destruction. Vesuvius has within three thousand years destroyed two cities and tens of thousands of lives. San Rafael is now contemplating with anything but composure the fate that Pliny describes at Pompeii and Herculaneum 2,500 years ago.

American Coin in Foreign Countries.

The American $1 is worth five francs (95 cents) and a trifle over 30 centimes in the coin of France. One Austrian florin is equal to two English shillings, or about 46 cents, and the rix dollar to $1 American. In regard to German coin, there are about as many different kinds as there are different kingdoms in the Empire. The crown of Baden is valued at $1.10, the thaler of Saxony at $1, the thaler of Prussia at 70 cents, the thaler of Brunswick and Hanover at 80 cents, and so on; the 20-mark (gold) is equal to an English sovereign, which is equal to $4.83 American money. The Swedish cronor, or crown, is equal to 26 4-5 cents, and the Danish rix dollar is about 60 cents.

HARSH counsels have no effect; they are like hammers, which are always repulsed by the anvil.